

# Ray Charles, The Lady Is A Tramp

I've wined and dined on Mulligan Stew, and never wished for Turkey  
As I hitched and hiked and grifted too, from Maine to Albuquerque  
Alas, I missed the Beaux Arts Ball, and what is twice as sad  
I was never at a party where they honored Noel Coward (Coward)  
But social circles spin too fast for me  
My "hoboemia" is the place to be  
I get too hungry, for dinner at eight  
I like the theater, but never come late  
I never bother, with people I hate  
That's why the lady is a tramp  
I don't like crap games, with barons and earls  
Won't go to Harlem, in ermine and pearls  
Won't dish the dirt, with the rest of the girls  
That's why the lady is a tramp  
I like the free, fresh wind in her hair  
Life without care  
I'm broke, it's o'k  
Hate California, it's cold and it's damp  
That's why the lady is a tramp  
I go to Coney, the beach is divine  
I go to ballgames, the bleachers are fine  
I find a Winchell, and read every line  
That's why the lady is a tramp  
I like a prizefight, that isn't a fake  
I love the rowing, on Central Park lake  
I go to Opera and stay wide awake  
That's why the lady is a tramp  
I like the green grass under my shoes  
What can I lose, I'm flat, that's that  
I'm alone when I lower my lamp  
That's why the lady is a tramp

[A few additional verses from the "Ella In Berlin" CD:]

Girls get massages, they cry and they moan  
Tell slender Ella to leave me alone  
I'm not so hot, but my shape is my own  
That's why the lady is a tramp  
The food at the Kopensky is perfect, no doubt  
I couldn't tell you what the Ritz is about  
Drop a nickle in, and coffee comes out  
That's why the lady is a tramp  
Like the sweet, fresh, rain in my face  
Diamonds and lace, no got, so what?!  
For Frank Sinatra, I whistle and stamp  
That's why the lady is a tramp  
She's a hobo  
She's a scamp  
She's a no-good kinda tramp  
That's why the lady is a tramp